

The picture here shows some of the teachers at Brewer standing amid the roses on the porch. The climate is such that the display of blossoms in the springtime is very luxuriant, and these teachers standing amid the flowers, with the earnest



TEACHERS AT BREWER NORMAL SCHOOL

purpose of their lives manifesting itself in their faces, add not only to the wealth but to the beauty of the scene.

Right across the street from this dormitory, however, is the little windowless, one-roomed cabin oc- cu-

pied by a Negro family, which is typical of the condition from which Brewer Normal is trying to elevate the masses.

From the schools of the American Missionary Association have gone forth a vast number of young men and young women, all of them nominally Christian, and most of them actively so; and from this number have gone forth teachers who in turn have taught hundreds of thousands more.

It was customary a few years ago to give some estimate of the number of lives which had been touched directly or indirectly by these schools. But when we realize that in a single school in North Carolina, in a single room, for eight years, one of our graduates has taught on an average of over one hundred children a year, we find that anything in the way of calculation is utterly fallacious and we can only say that this work of Christian education is leavening the whole lump of seething humanity down in the black belt of the South.

But aside from these young people, we have a unique band of workers. I would like to introduce you to Sister Trigg. A good many years ago she with a number of other colored men and women, a herd of cattle, and a drove of mules, were driven down from Virginia to Tennessee and sold as a job lot at auction. Sister Trigg had no opportunity for an education even after the

Emancipation, for her husband was sold away from her during slavery days and she was left to provide for herself. And her very soul thirsted for an education; so, after such persistency and courage as can hardly be imagined, she washed and ironed six days in the week for an entire year. Every penny which she could save from her actual necessities she added to her sacred hoard. Then she went to boarding school and stayed a year.

She learned to read and write; she learned to make change in a dollar, and, best of all, in her own estimation, she learned to play the cabinet organ, not that she might be accomplished *per se*, but because she knew the music would be a magnet to draw round her the little black boys and girls.

It was Sunday afternoon when we called on Sister Trigg. She is seventy-five, as near as she can reckon. Her little sitting-room, the kitchen beyond, the hall-way, the yard way out into the street, were filled with a group of bright, black faces. It was Sister Trigg's Sunday-school and her mission band. She led them in the singing of the gospel hymns, and the very roof rang with the music. She taught them the Sunday-school lesson with much more force and directness and personality, I dare say, than you or I were in the habit of using with our Sunday-school class. And then she instructed them in the work of home and foreign missions, and almost every little pickaninny there had his penny or his nickel to give for the coming in of the Lord's kingdom, and



"SISTER TRIGG"

"I listened and heard the children  
Of the poor and long enslaved,  
Reading the words of Jesus,  
Singing the psalms of David;  
Beheld the dumb lips speaking,  
The blind eyes seeing,  
The bones of the prophet's vision  
Warmed into being."

We all know the various theories which are advanced for the solution of the Negro problem. We all know the fallacy of the deportation scheme, the colonization scheme, and all the rest. There are two or three fundamental principles which we